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THE present edition of 'Comus' is taken from 'The English Poems of John Milton,' edited by R. C. Browne, M.A., for the Clarendon Press.

COMUS is called by Milton himself, or by his publisher, on the title page of the first edition, 1637, 'A Maske.' This sense of the word 'Mask' is obsolete, because the entertainment it denoted has been unknown to English manners since 1640. In that brilliant period of court life which was inaugurated by Elizabeth and terminated by the Civil War, a Mask was a frequent and favourite amusement. While a 'Masquerade' is a diversion in which the company is masked, a 'Mask' came in the latter part of the 16th century to denote a spectacle exhibited by performers disguised to represent some allegorical or mythological character. Mercury and Phoebus, Time and Truth, Envy and Zeal, and other, often buffoon parts were sustained, sometimes by hired performers, at other times by gentlemen and ladies. The whole exhibition consisted, partly of pageantry, partly of music with an accompaniment of words, and partly of dialogue serious or comic.

The dramatic mask of the 16th century has been traced, in germ at least, as far back as the time of Edward III. But in its perfected shape it was a genuine offspring of the English renaissance, a cross between the vernacular mummary or mystery-play and the Greek drama. No great court festival was considered complete without such a public show. Many of our greatest dramatic writers, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Dekker, Shirley, Carew, were constrained by the fashion of the time to apply their invention to gratify this taste for decorative representation. No less an artist than Inigo Jones must occasionally stoop to construct the machinery.

The taste for grotesque pageant must have gradually died out before the general advance of civilisation. The 'Mask' by a process of evolution would have become the 'Opera.' But the gradual encroachment of Puritan sentiment in the nation after the accession of Charles I threatened these more

costly shows along with the legitimate drama. It often happens that just when a taste or a fashion is at the point of death it undergoes a forced and temporary revival. So it was with the 'Mask.' In 1633 came out Prynne's *Histriomastix*, and his overheated and intemperate onslaught naturally begot in court circles a reaction in favour of theatrical amusements. The Inns of Court and Whitehall vied with each other in the splendour and solemnity with which they brought out—the lawyers, Shirley's 'Triumph of Peace,'—the Court, Carew's 'Caelum Britannicum.'

It was in this hour of reaction that Milton, æt. 26, was prevailed upon by Lawes, the composer, to write words for a mask which was to celebrate the entry of the Earl of Bridgewater on his office as Lord-President of Wales. It was one of the caprices of fortune that thus made the future poet of the great Puritan epic the last composer of a Cavalier mask.

COMUS is a Greek word (κῶμος) signifying 'revel,' 'revelling,' 'revellers.' The idea was personified by later Greek art, when Comus became the representative deity of mirth and revel.

This personification was taken up, along with the rest of classical mythology, by the poets of the renaissance. Erycius Puteanus, a professor at the catholic university of Louvain, was author of a piece in Latin, mixed of prose and verse, bearing the title of 'Comus.' This dramatic extravaganza was first published in 1608. But it had several editions, and it can hardly be doubted that Milton had seen it, though the edition printed at Oxford with the date 1634 was probably posterior to Milton's poem, and occasioned by it. But if Milton owed to the Latin author the suggestion of a name or a subject, he has carried it out with a vigour of imagination which is entirely his own.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

*Son and Heir Apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.*

MY LORD,

This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself, and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final Dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES.



# COMUS.

## THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.*

COMUS, *with his Crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph.*

## THE CHIEF PERSONS WHICH PRESENTED WERE

*The Lord* BRACKLEY.

*Mr.* THOMAS EGERTON, *his brother.*

*The Lady* ALICE EGERTON.

*The first Scene discovers a wild wood.*

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright ærial spirits live inspher'd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air;  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5  
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care  
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being;  
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true servants 10  
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of eternity:  
To such my errand is, and but for such, 15  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds,  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove, 20  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep;  
Which he to grace his tributary gods  
By course commits to several government, 25  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents; but this ile,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun, 30  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:  
Where his fair off-spring nurst in princely lore,  
Are coming to attend their father's state, 35  
And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way  
Lies through the perplext paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.  
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40  
But that by quick command from sovran Jove,  
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;  
And listen why; for I will tell ye now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crush't the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe 50  
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a groveling swine)  
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,  
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55



Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd;  
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;  
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller,  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste  
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),  
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before; 75  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove  
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80  
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy;  
As now I do: but first I must put off  
These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof,  
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
That to the service of this house belongs; 85  
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
And in this office of his mountain watch  
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90  
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in his hand; his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, beaded like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

## COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold;  
 And the gilded car of day 95  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole;  
 Pacing toward the other goal 100  
 Of his chamber in the East.  
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,  
 Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds, and seas with all their finny drove 115  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs deckt with daisies trim, 120  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.

Come, let us our rites begin, 125  
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
 Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dame 130  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian Darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air;  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135  
 Us thy vow'd priests; till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,  
 From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140  
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,  
 In a light fantastic round.

## THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;  
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150  
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long  
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spungy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155  
 And give it false presentments; lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;

I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
 And well-plac't words of glozing courtesy,  
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165  
 I shall appear some harmless villager  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The LADY enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound 171  
 Of riot, and ill-manag'd merriment;  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet O where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180  
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?  
 My brothers when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stept, as they sed, to the next thicket side 185  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. 190  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,  
 And envious Darkness, ere they could return,

Had stole them from me; else O thievish Night, 195  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth,  
 Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205  
 Begin to throng into my memory  
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemish't form of Chastity! 215  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225  
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen      230  
     Within thy airy shell  
     By slow Meander's margent green;  
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,  
     Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:      235  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
     That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
     O if thou have  
     Hid them in some flowry cave,  
     Tell me but where,      240  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?      245  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidd'n residence;  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night      250  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of Darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs;      255  
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul  
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention;  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,      260  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss

I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed; 266  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is addrest to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Com.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

*Lady.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

*Com.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lady.* To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

*Com.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

*Com.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them. 285

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Com.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Com.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

*Com.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swink't hedger at his supper sate;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood;  
 I took it for a faëry vision

Of some gay creatures of the element  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300  
 And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,  
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
 To help you find them.

*Lady.* Gentle villager,  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

*Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:  
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd, 315  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
 From her thatch't pallet rouse; if otherwise,  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320  
 Till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls  
 In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325  
 And yet is most pretended: in a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

[*Exeunt.*]



*Enter the TWO BROTHERS.*

*El. Br.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair Moon  
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness, and of shades; 335  
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Second Brother.* Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But O that hapless virgin our lost sister, 350  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears. 355  
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

*Elder Brother.* Peace brother, be not over-exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion? 365

I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipl'd in virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not), 370  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self 375  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;  
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all to-ruff'd and sometimes impair'd. 380  
 He that has light within his own clear breast  
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

*Second Brother.* 'Tis most true 385  
 That musing Meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men, and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye, 395  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass

Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not ;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405  
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

*Elder Brother.* I do not, brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410  
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength 415  
 Which you remember not.

*Second Brother.* What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

*El. Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength  
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :  
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity : 420  
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;  
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity, 425  
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;  
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells  
 By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblench't majesty ; 430  
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night  
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
 That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time, 435  
 No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,  
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lioness  
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men 445  
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.  
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence  
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe.  
 So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her, 455  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, 465  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres  
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave;  
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link't itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

*Second Brother.* How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Elder Brother.* List, list, I hear 480  
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

*Second Brother.* Methought so too; what should it be?

*Elder Brother.* For certain  
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,  
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

*Sec. Br.* Heav'n keep my sister! Again, again, and near;  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*Elder Brother.* I'll hallow;  
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

*Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak; 490  
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spirit.* What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

*Sec. Br.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

*El. Br.* Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495  
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale;  
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram  
Slip't from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggling wether the pen't flock forsook?  
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

*Spirit.* O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought 505  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But O my virgin lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

*El. Br.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

*Spirit.* Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*El. Br.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

*Spirit.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain, or fabulous,  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,) 515  
What the sage poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
Storied of old in high immortal verse  
Of dire chimeras and enchanted iles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520  
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525  
With many murmurs mixt; whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,  
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't 530  
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bow'rs.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells  
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540  
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sate me down to watch upon a bank

With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With flaunting honeysuckle; and began, 545  
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy  
 Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550  
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds  
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.  
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound 555  
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more  
 Still to be so displac't. I was all ear, 560  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.  
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear; 565  
 And 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,  
 'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570  
 Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent lady his wish't prey;  
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two, 575  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager;  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't  
 Ye were the two she mean't; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not.

*Second Brother.*

O night and shades, 580

How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot  
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin  
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, brother?

*Elder Brother.* Yes, and keep it still;  
 Lean on it safely, not a period 585  
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:  
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd; 590  
 Yea even that which Mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself, 595  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.  
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 600  
 May never this just sword be lifted up;  
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
 Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms 605  
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to return his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,  
 Curs'd as his life.

*Spirit.* Alas! good ventrous youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise, 610  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
 Far other arms, and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;  
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

*Elder Brother.* Why prithee, shepherd,



How durst thou then thyself approach so near      616  
As to make this relation?

*Spirit.*

Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd      620

In every virtuous plant and healing herb  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray;  
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy;      625

And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;      630

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;      635

And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,      640  
Or gastly furies' apparition;

I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,  
Till now that this extremity compell'd,  
But now I find it true; for by this means  
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,      645  
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off: if you have this about you  
(As I will give you when we go), you may  
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,      650  
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,  
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,

But seize his wand; though he and his curst crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*El. Br.* Thyrsis lead on apace, I'll follow thee;  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner  
 of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties.  
 COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an  
 enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts  
 by, and goes about to rise.*

COMUS.

Nay lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660  
 And you a statue; or as Daphne was  
 Rootbound, that fled Apollo.

*Lady.* Fool, do not boast;  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms; although this corporal rind  
 Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good. 665

*Comus.* Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
 And first behold this cordial julep here,  
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixt.  
 Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680  
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 — † you invert the cov'nants of her trust,

And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms ;  
 Scorning the unexempt condition 685  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain ;  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted ; but, fair virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

*Lady.* 'Twill not, false traitor ; 690  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
 Thou told'st me of ? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me ! 695  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver ;  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery,  
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute ? 700  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

*Comus.* O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste ?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her sons ; and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins

She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with; if all the world 720  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 Th' All-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,  
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility,  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes;  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords, 731  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginity;  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current; and the good thereof 740  
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,  
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown 745  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts;  
 Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet. 755

*Lady.* I had not thought to have unlock't my lips

In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in Reason's garb.  
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760  
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride:  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good, 765  
 That live according to her sober laws  
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:  
 If every just man that now pines with want  
 Had but a moderate and befitting share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens't  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thank't, 775  
 His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery 785  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity;  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric 790  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc't:  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795  
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Comus.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew  
 Dips me all o'er; as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805  
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood; 810  
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass  
 out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his  
 rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The  
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

#### SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?  
 O ye mistook; ye should have snatcht his wand 815  
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,  
 And backward mutters of dis severing power,  
 We cannot free the lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 820  
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,  
 Which once of Melibæus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.  
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure, 826

Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
 The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
 Held up their pearly wrists and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall; 835  
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils; till she reviv'd, 840  
 And underwent a quick immortal change  
 Made goddess of the river; still she retains  
 Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
 Which she with pretious vial'd liquors heals.  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invok't in warbled song;  
 Fair maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift 855  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting 860  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake, 865  
 Listen and save.  
 Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 870  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wisard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 885  
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.  
 Listen and save.

*SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays;  
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green  
 That in the channel strays; 895  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,  
 Thus I set my printless feet



O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread;  
 Gentle swain, at thy request  
 I am here. 900

*Spirit.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distress, 905  
 Through the force, and through the wile  
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

*Sabrina.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity;  
 Brightest lady, look on me; 910  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure,  
 I have kept of pretious cure,  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 915  
 Next this marble venom'd seat  
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.*

*Spirit.* Virgin, daughter of Locrine,  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss 925  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills;  
 Summer drouth, or singed air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair;  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 930  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore;

May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terrace round, 935  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.  
 Come lady, while Heaven lends us grace  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice 940  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste, or needless sound  
 Till we come to holier ground;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide; 945  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish't presence; and beside, 950  
 All the swains that there abide,  
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer; 955  
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the President's  
 castle; then come in country Dancers; after them the  
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS, and  
 the LADY.*

SONG.

*Spirit.* Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,  
 Till next sun-shine holiday;  
 Here be without duck or nod 960  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes; and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mincing Dryades  
 On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.*

Noble lord, and lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight ;  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own ;  
 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth, 970  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth ;  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance. 975

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.*

*Spirit.* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
 There I suck the liquid air 980  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree :  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ; 985  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring,  
 That there eternal summer dwells ;  
 And west winds, with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990  
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow,  
 Waters the odorous banks that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purfl'd scarf can shew ; 995  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,

Waxing well of his deep wound	1000
In slumber soft; and on the ground	
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen:	
But far above in spangled sheen	
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc't,	
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc't,	1005
After her wand'ring labours long;	
Till free consent the gods among	
Make her his eternal bride;	
And from her fair unspotted side	
Two blissful twins are to be born,	1010
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.	
But now my task is smoothly done,	
I can fly, or I can run	
Quickly to the green earth's end,	
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;	1015
And from thence can soar as soon	
To the corners of the moon.	
Mortals that would follow me,	
Love Virtue; she alone is free:	
She can teach ye how to climb	1020
Higher than the sphery chime;	
Or if Virtue feeble were,	
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.	

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## NOTES.

*A wild wood.* The Inferno begins in a wood, the Pilgrim's Progress in the 'wilderness of this world.' Cp. Faery Queene, i. 1. 7.

1. 1. Milton, in his Latin lines to Manso, speaks of the 'aether of the heaven-housed gods, whither labour, and the pure mind, and the fire of virtue, carry us.'

l. 2. *mansion*, abiding-place, as in John xiv. 2. Milton uses the word for a resting-place, whether temporary (Il Penseroso 93) or permanent (Paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvi. 49).

*those*, those well-known, certainly existent. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 483, for a similar expression, 'that first mov'd.'

l. 3. Cp. Il Penseroso 88.

l. 5. *dim*, i. e. as seen from the 'regions mild.'

l. 7. *pester'd*. Derived by Diez from Med. Lat. *pastorium*, Ital. *pastoja*, the foot-shackle of a horse, whence Fr. *empêtrer* for *empêtrer*. The real derivation is the figure of clogging or entangling in something pasty or sticky. The same metaphor is seen in Spanish *pantano*, bog, morass, and thence obstacle, difficulty. Hotspur (I Henry IV, i. 3) when 'so pestered by a popinjay' has the feeling of something sticking about him of which he would fain be rid. The sense of over-crowding (as here) is merely a special application of the original figure of clogging. (Wedgwood.)

*pin-fold*, sheep-fold, but also a 'pound,' for strayed cattle (Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1).

l. 10. *change* here has its old meaning of a figure in a dance, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2,

'Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change,'

and in the revels in Ford's Broken Heart, v. 2. Milton elsewhere speaks of the 'world's vain mask' (Sonnet xvii). The conclusion of Jeremy Taylor's sermon on the House of Feasting connects the leading thought of the *Comus*, the praise of temperance, with the further advance in the same direction, the scorn of delight, indicated in *Lycidas*:—'I end with the saying of a wise man (Epictetus). He is fit to sit at the table of the Lord and to feast with saints, who moderately uses the creatures which God hath given him; but he that despiseth even lawful pleasures, shall not only sit and feast with God, but reign together with Him, and partake of His glorious kingdom.' Cp. Rev. iv. 4, whence the faithful are denominated by ecclesiastical writers the *αἱρετικοί* of Christ. Note the alliteration in this passage, ll. 5, 11.

l. 13. Cp. *Lycidas* 111.

l. 16. Ambrosia was the food of the Gods, as nectar was their drink. *Ambrosial* is used here, as in Greek, in the general sense of heavenly:

l. 20. *bigb*. Jove ruled in the upper air; nether Jove in Hades (*Paradise Lost*, i. 516). Ovid calls Pluto, Jupiter Stygius. Cp. *Iliad*, xv. 190-2.

l. 21. *sea-girt iles*; see below on l. 50. Cp. Gaunt's speech on England (*Richard II*, ii. 1),

'This precious stone set in the silver sea.'

l. 29. The sea-nymphs in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 48) are deckt with long green hair.'

- l. 31. *mickle*, great. See Glossary to Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Book i.  
 l. 33. Cp. *Æneid*, i. 21.  
 l. 37. *perplex't*, entangled; (from Lat. *plecto*, to twist.)  
 l. 43. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 1. 2, and *Paradise Lost*, i. 16.  
 l. 45. The *ball* of the chieftain, and the *bower* of the lady are often thus joined by Spenser, and by Scott, who was imbued with the spirit of old romance and ballad.

l. 48. *after the Tuscan mariners* (had been) *transform'd*; a similar construction occurs in *Paradise Lost*, i. 573. The story of the mariners who carried off Bacchus, and were transformed into dolphins, is told in the Homeric Hymn to Dionysus, and in Ovid, (*Metamorphoses*, iii. 660, &c.)

l. 49. *listed*, willed. A. S. *lystan*, to have pleasure in. Cp. John iii. 8.

l. 50. *fell on* is the Latin phrase 'incidere in.' For *Circe*, see *Odyssey*, x.

*iland*. A. S. *ea-land*. The *s* was inserted in this word and in 'isle' from a mistaken notion that both came, through the French, from 'insula.'

*Who knows not Circe?* is imitated from

'Poor Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?)'

(*Faery Queene*, vi. 10. 16.)

l. 54. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 303, Samson Agonistes 568.

l. 58. Comus, whom Æschylus makes akin to the Furies, had figured in Jonson's masques as the god of good cheer.

l. 60. *Celtic and Iberian fields*, France and Spain.

l. 61. *ominous*, portentous, hazardous. Originally indifferent in its meaning, 'ominous' acquired a bad sense. Thus 'if anything should happen' means anything unfortunate, and usually *the* thing feared by all (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 123, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 481).

l. 76. This effect of forgetfulness is not Homeric. The companions of Ulysses are sensible of their degradation. Warton quotes Plutarch's dialogue of Gryllus, wherein some of the victims of Circe, disgusted with the vices and vanities of human life, refused to be re-transformed. Cp. *Faery Queene*, ii. 12. 86, and note thereon in this series.

l. 79. *adventrous*, full of adventures, like the forests in the *Faery Queene*. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 119.

*glade*; synonymous with *lawn*. Its fundamental meaning is a passage for the light, either through trees or through clouds. (Wedgwood.) Here it means an opening in the forest and (by synecdoche) the whole wood. (Keightley.)

l. 80. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 745.

80. *glancing*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 442, Samson Agonistes 1284.

l. 83. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 244.

l. 92. *viewless*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 518, *Passion* 50, and note there.

l. 93. The morning star is called the 'unfolding star' in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2.

l. 96. Alluding to the hissing of the sea as the sun's chariot plunged into it,

'Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.'

(Juvenal, xiv. 280.)

Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 1. 32.

l. 97. *steep*, deep; like 'altus' and our 'high' sea, sea at a great distance from the shore.

l. 105. *rosy twine*, wreaths of roses. See note on line 151.

l. 108. *Advice*, consideration, deliberation. Cp. note on *Paradise Lost*, ii. 376.

l. 110. *saws*, things *said*, proverbs. The justice in Shakespeare (*As You Like It*, ii. 7) is 'full of wise saws.'

l. 111. The stress is on *fire*. Cp. *Cleopatra*,

'I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baser life.' (*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.)

l. 112. Allusion to the music of the spheres, line 1021. Cp. *Arcades* 69, 73 (notes).

l. 116. *morrice*, i. e. Moorish, a dance brought by the Moors into Spain, and thence said to have been introduced into England by John of Gaunt.

l. 118. *pert*. The word (verb and adj.) *pert* comes from Welsh *percu*, to trim, *perc*, trim, neat. In the same sense, with a change of the final *k* to *t*, *to pert* is used in Beaumont and Fletcher (*Knight of Burning Pestle*, i. 2) of a child—'it *perts* up the head.' Hence *peart*, brisk; Welsh *pert*, smart, dapper, fine. The transposition of the liquid and vowel in *prick* and *perk* would lead us to deduce *pretty* from *pert*. There is no ground to suppose that *pert* (= saucy) is a corruption of *malapert* (Wedgwood). Cp.

'The pert and nimble spirit of mirth'

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1),

where activity is indicated, as here. *Dapper* is explained as 'pretty' in the Glossary to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (October). Milton (*History of England*) has 'little dapper men.'

l. 121. *wake* was the vigil before a holyday, and was applied to the festivities which celebrated the anniversary of the consecration of a church. In 1633, Laud maintained the wakes against the remonstrances of the judges, who represented them to be the occasion of much immorality. These and other festivals, obnoxious to the graver sort, were

favoured by the Court lest the people should 'go to tippling houses, and there talk of matters of Church and State, or into conventicles.' 'In some parts of England the wake is called the village revel' (Wedgwood).

l. 129. *Cotytto*; goddess of the Edoni of Thrace. Her festival was held by night, and resembled that of the Thracian Cybele. Her worship, notorious for the licence of its rites, became naturalised in Greece, especially at Corinth.

l. 131. See note on *Il Penseroso* 59.

l. 132. *spets* is used by Sylvester for 'spits.' The same form of the word occurs in Spenser and in Drayton.

l. 139. *nice* (from French *niais*, foolish), fastidious. In Shakespeare it usually bears the meaning of 'foolish': e. g.

'Every idle, nice, and wanton reason.'

(2 Henry IV, iv. 1.)

*Indian.* Cp. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* xxvi,

'Ere yet the morn

Breaks hither over Indian seas.'

l. 141. *tell tale*. The Sun disclosed to Hephaestus (Vulcan) the infidelity of Aphrodite (Venus). (*Odyssey*, viii. 270.)

l. 144. Cp. *L'Allegro* 34. *Round* = a dance: e. g. Sellenger's or St. Leger's round. (*Macbeth*, iv. 1; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.)

l. 147. *shrouds*; hiding-places; as in a masque of Jonson's,

'But here must be no shelter, nor no shroud  
For such.'

l. 151. *wily trains*; trains of wiles. *Train* is used by Spenser for snare. See Glossary to *Faery Queene*, Bk. i. The word is only once thus used in Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, iv. 3).

l. 154. *spungy air* means the air which retains the 'dazzling spells' hurled into it by Comus.

l. 155. *To blear the eye*; to deceive, throw dust in the eyes. The expression is as old as Chaucer's time, and occurs in *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 1. The word is totally different from *blear* in *blear-eyed*, which is derived from Low Germ. *blarren*, to blare or roar, i.e. having inflamed eyes like one that has been long weeping. Here *blear* = *blur*, and resembles the Bavarian *plerren*, a blotch; *plerr*, *geplerr*, a mist before the eyes. The same metaphor is found in Polish, *tuman*, a cloud; *tumanic*, to cast a mist before the eyes, to humbug. (Wedgwood.)

l. 157. *quaint*. See note on *Nativity* 194.

l. 161. *glozing*, deceitful, flattering (A.S. *glesing*, O.E. *glosynge*); *gloss* was originally the word (γλῶσσα) which needed explanation, was then used for the explanation itself, and finally, by a too natural transition, acquired the meaning of a false explanation, an explaining away. The text, says the friar in the *Sompnour's Tale*, is hard, 'and therefore wol



I teche you ay the glose.' To *glose* or *gloze* in the sense of 'to deceive' is used by Spenser and Shakespeare.

l. 168. *gear*, business, from A. S. *gearwian*, to set in order. See Glossary to Faery Queene, ii. *Garre*.

l. 179. *wassailer*, drinker of healths, reveller. 'Wassail' was the wish of health (A.S. *waes bael*), then used for festivity, and (as an adjective) compounded with bowl, cup, candle, &c.

l. 180. *feet*, for the whole person, as in Samson Agonistes 336, and Luke i. 79.

l. 189. *votarist*, one who had vowed a pilgrimage. '*Palmer's weed*' (Faery Queene, ii. i. 52) is thus described by Drayton,

'Himself a palmer poor in homely russet clad ;  
with which compare

'The morn in russet mantle clad.' (Hamlet, i. i.)

The derivation of *palmer* is variously given; from their obtaining the palm of religion or from carrying a palm-branch (Nares), or from bringing back palm from the gardens of Jericho. (Keightley.)

l. 195. *thievish night* is an expression used by Phineas Fletcher.

l. 199. Cp. 'Ye ever-burning lights above' (Othello, iii. 3); 'Night's candles are burnt out' (Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5).

l. 203. *rife*, common, prevalent. (Nares.) Perhaps connected with 'ripe.' (Keightley.) In N. of E. *rife* = prevalent, abundant. Germ. *reif*. (Wedgwood.) The two words form a various reading in Midsummer Night's Dream, v. i, 'sports are rife.'

l. 204. *single darkness*, darkness only. Cp. 'single want' at l. 369, and 'Thou singly honest man' (Timon of Athens, iv. 3).

l. 207. These lines are supposed by Warton and Todd to be based upon passages in Marco Polo's Travels, and in Heywood's Hierarchy of Angels. In a quotation from the latter work, benighted travellers are related to have seen three strange human shapes, that called and beckoned to them. But the Tempest may well have suggested the whole imagery.

l. 212. *side* is used as a verb, meaning 'to accompany,' in Ford's Lady's Trial, i. 1, where Auria says that he has 'sided his superior.'

l. 214. *girt*, surrounded (Nativity 202, Paradise Lost, i. 581, note). *golden wings*. Cp. Il Penseroso 52.

l. 215. *Chastity*, instead of Charity, the usual companion of Faith and Hope. (Keightley.)

l. 230. Warton refers the origin of this address to Echo to Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, or Browne's Inner Temple Mask.

l. 231. *shell*. The MS. reading is 'cell.' Juliet speaks of 'the cave where Echo lies.' The 'airy shell' is the hemisphere, the 'hollow round of Cynthia's seat,' Nativity 102. (Keightley.)

l. 232. *Meander*, a Phrygian river. In its lower course it forms the boundary of ancient Lycia and Caria, and flows in those windings that have made its name a descriptive verb.

l. 234. *love-lorn*, deprived of her love. 'The dismissed bachelor' (Tempest, iv. 1) is 'lass-lorn.'

l. 235. Cp. Virgil, Georgics, iv. 513-5.

l. 241. *Eccho* is supposed here to have her origin from the reverberation of the music of the spheres. (Solemn Music 2.)

l. 243. *re-sounding grace*, grace of repetition.

l. 246. Cp. Ovid, Metamorphoses, iii. 610-12.

l. 247. Cp. Paradise Lost, iii. 369.

l. 248. *bis bidden residence*; *bis* refers to 'something holy.' We should now use *its*. *Its* is of comparatively late use. Milton generally avoids the word. *His* was once used as neuter as well as masculine genitive—of 'hit' as well as of 'he.' The *t* is a neuter affix like the *d* in *id* and *illud*, but was in course of time supposed to be part of the original word. When grammatical gender came to have an invariable relation to sex, a separate form of possessive was required for the neuter gender. *It* was at first used, as in several passages of Shakespeare (e.g. Constance's speech in King John, ii. 1), and in the Auth. Vers. of Bible, 1611 (Leviticus xxv. 5, 'it own accord'). Then from *it* the anomalous genitive *its* was formed, but did not obtain currency among the best writers till about 1660. Cp. note on Paradise Lost, i. 176.

l. 252. *it* refers to darkness. 'The raven down of darkness' = darkness, black as the raven's down. So 'the palace of eternity' (line 14) = the eternal palace.

l. 253. In this passage Milton has followed the poetic traditions of his own time. (Browne's Mask.) In Homer, Circe sings, but not her nymphs, nor has she anything to do with the Sirens, whom Horace mentions with her (Epist. i. 2. 23). (Keightley.)

l. 254. *flow'ry-kirtl'd*. A 'kirtle' was in Shakespeare's and in Milton's time a woman's garment, though anciently a man's also, worn by bishops and by Knights of the Garter at their installation.

l. 257. Cp. L'Allegro 136.

l. 258. 'Multis circumlatrantibus undis,' Æneid, vii. 588. Cp. Paradise Lost, ii. 660.

l. 260. 'My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.'

(Faery Queene, Bk. iii. Introduction, iv.)

l. 262. *home-felt*, heart-felt. So 'home-thrust.'

l. 265. Cp. Ferdinand's address to Miranda, Tempest, i. 2.

l. 267. 'Unless [thou be] the goddess,' &c.

l. 270. Insinuating that the wood had grown tall by her benignant influence. Cp. Arcades 44.

l. 271. *ill is lost*; 'male perditur,' a Latinism. (Keightley.)

l. 273. *extreme*, like *utmost*, line 617, the last device I could think of; *extreme* is thus accented in Hotspur's speech 1 Henry IV, i. 3, and in the line quoted by Todd from Sackville's Mirror for Magistrates:

'In rustie armour, as in extream shift.'

l. 277. The following passage is an imitation of those scenes of Greek tragedy wherein the dialogue runs in alternate lines.

l. 289. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 637, &c.

l. 291. Cp. *Iliad*, xvi. 779; Virgil, *Eclogue* ii. 66; Horace, *Odes*, iii.

6. 42. The notation of time here follows classical precedent, but l. 293 is entirely English in phrase and subject.

l. 293. *swink't*, tired (A.S. *swincan*, to labour), Chaucer has it, Prologue, *Canterbury Tales* 186, 188, and Spenser 'sweat and swinke,' *Faery Queene*, ii. 7. 8; vi. 4. 32.

l. 297. *port*, bearing, deportment. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 8. 'The port of Mars' (Henry V, i. Chorus):

'And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze'

(Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12);

'A modern gentleman,

Of stateliest port' (Tennyson, *Morte D'Arthur*).

*as they stood*; pleonasm, as in Epitaph on Marchioness of Winchester 21.

l. 299. *element*, sky. See note on *Paradise Lost*, ii. 490.

l. 301. *plighted*, folded, pleated or plaited. The verb to 'plight' (fold) is used by Chaucer and Spenser, and the noun by Chaucer. Cp.

'Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides.'

(King Lear, i. 1.)

l. 303. Referring either to the difficulty of the way, or (more probably) to the happiness of finding them.

l. 312. *Dingle*, a valley between two steep hills. *Dingle* is a variety of *dimble*, and, as the latter was derived from *dib*, expressing a blow with a pointed instrument, *dingle* stands in the same relation to *dig*, *ding*. The primary meaning then would be a dint, pit, hollow. (Wedgwood.) *Dell*=dale. Spenser uses 'delve' (from A.S. *delfan*, to dig), *Faery Queene*, ii. 8. 4. See also Glossary to Bk. ii. *Bourn*, a winding, deep, narrow valley, with a rivulet (Scotch *burn*) at the bottom. Such bourns are natural boundaries (French *borne*) of districts and parishes. *Bosky*=bushy. *Busk* is another spelling of *busb*. Icel. *buske*, French *bousche*, *bouche*, a tuft (Wedgwood).

l. 317. Keightley remarks that 'the ideas here belong to the hen-house rather than to the resting-place of the lark, which has no thatch over it, and in which, as it is upon the ground, he cannot roost.'

l. 325. This derivation of *courtesy* is Spenser's (*Faery Queene*, vi. i. 1). *Tapestry* from French *tapis*, Latin *tapes*. Spenser uses 'tapets' for hangings (*Faery Queene*, iii. 11. 29).

l. 327. *warranted*, guarded, from root *ware*, caution, thence defence, safety, O.E. *warant*, protector, Germ. *gewähr*, Fr. *garant*.

l. 329. *square*, adjust, measure. Troilus, when undeceived, will not 'square the general sex

By Cressid's rule.' (*Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2.)

l. 331. *unmuffle*. A 'muffler' was a sort of veil or wrapper covering the chin and throat (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 2). To 'muffle' was to cover the face as Cæsar did when he fell (*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2); or to blindfold, as in *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 3.

l. 332. Spenser says of the moon shining forth from dark clouds,

'Of the poore traveller that went astray  
With thousand blessings she is heried' (honoured).

(*Faery Queene*, iii. 1. 43.)

l. 333. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 71, and

'Appear, no longer thy pale visage shroud  
But stoop thy silver horns quite through a cloud.'

(*Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy*, i. 1.)

l. 334. *disinberit*, dispossess. *Inberit* was used for 'possess,' as *Tempest*, iv. 1, 'all that it inherit'; and *inheritance* for 'possession,' as 'Thine inheritance' (*Prayer Book*.) Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 1012.

l. 342. Calisto, daughter of Lycaon, King of Arcadia, was changed into the Greater Bear (called also Helice) and her son Arcas into the Lesser (called also Cynosura.) Cp. note on *L'Allegro* 80.

l. 344. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 185.

l. 345. The stops are the holes in an oaten pipe. So Hamlet says of the 'ventages,' the holes of the recorder, or pipe, 'Look you, these are the stops' (iii. 2).

l. 349. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 455. *Innumeros* is the Latin *innumerus*, unnumbered, innumerable.

l. 352. *bur* is the prickly head of the burdock. 'If we walk not in the trodden paths,' says Celia, 'our very petticoats will catch them.' (*As You Like It*, i. 3.) The word is from Fr. *bourre*, flocks of wool, hair, &c., the down or hairy coat of certain herbs, fruits, and flowers; *bourre de soie* = tow of silk. A *bur* is then a seed-vessel which sticks to our clothes like a flock of wool, and is not readily brushed off. (*Wedgwood*.)

l. 355. *fraught*, freighted. So *fraught* is used as a noun for 'freight,' 'burden,' in *Othello*, iii. 3,

'Swell, bosom, with thy fraught.'

Milton (*Apology for Smectymnuus*) speaks of his own early rising, 'to

read good authors, or to cause them to be read, till the attention be weary or memory have its full fraught.' (Germ. *fracht*, Fr. *fret*.)

l. 359. *exquisite*, curious, sought out (Lat. *exquisitus*). Here, however, it is used for seeking out, inquisitive. The same use of a passive word in an active sense occurs in *Paradise Lost*, i. 603, 'considerate.'

l. 360. *to cast*; here in sense of predicting, 'to cast a nativity.'

l. 366. *to seek*, at a loss. Cp. Crashaw, in his poem on the Nativity:

'No, no; your king's not yet to seek

Where to repose his royal head.'

l. 367. *unprincipl'd*, ignorant of the principia, the beginnings of Virtue's lore. Cp. Samson Agonistes 760. 'So unprincipled in virtue' occurs in Milton's *Tractate on Education*.

l. 373. Cp. Faery Queene, i. i. 12. Ben Jonson, in his mask, *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, sings of Virtue,

'She, she it is in darkness shines,

'Tis she that still herself refines

By her own light, to every eye.'

l. 375. *flat sea*. Cp. Lycidas 98.

l. 376. *To seek to* is a common construction in our authorised translation. Deut. xii. 5; Isaiah xi. 10.

l. 377. In Sidney's *Arcadia*, Solitude is the nurse of Contemplation.

l. 378. Cp. Faery Queene, ii. 3. 36. *Plume* = prune, arrange. *Proin* (from French *provigner*) is the form used by Chaucer. It signifies the cutting away superfluous shoots of trees, 'pruning,' and that operation which birds perform upon themselves, of picking out damaged feathers. Gower uses it of an eagle, 'he pruneth him and piketh.'

l. 380. *all to-ruff'd*. There is no hyphen ed. 1645 (nor in Judges ix. 53). Richardson gives 'all-to' = entirely: but the 'to' augments the force of the verb (= Germ. *zer*), and is much used in Chaucer: e.g.

'The pot to-breaketh, and farewell, all is go.'

Prologue to Chanon Yeoman's Tale.

l. 382. *the centre*, sc. of the earth, by an ellipse common in older writers. So Polonius (*Hamlet*, ii. 2) boasts that he would find truth 'though it were hid indeed within the centre.'

l. 385. Cp. Samson Agonistes 156.

l. 386. *affects*, is inclined to, prefers. In this sense the word is generally used by Shakespeare (*Lear*, i. 1, Kent's first speech; *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5, Malvolio's first speech.)

l. 387. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 169.

l. 388. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 46.

l. 393. The Hesperian apples were those presented by Ge to Hera at her wedding with Zeus. Hera committed them to the charge of the nymphs, the Hesperides, and the dragon Ladon. To obtain this fruit was one of the labours of Hercules. (Cp. Faery Queene, ii. 7. 54.)

l. 395. *unenchantèd*, not to be enchanted, as 'unfellowed,' that cannot be fellowed (Hamlet, v. 2), and 'unparalleled.' Cp. note on L'Allegro 40.

l. 398. *unsunn'd*, kept in the dark. Mammon is said to sun his gold when he counts it. (Faery Queene, ii. 8. 4.)

l. 401. *wink on* is used by Shakespeare as='give a signal to a confederate,' or 'shut the eye,' 'refuse to see.' Either sense will fit here. The whole passage is enlarged from Rosalind's single line,  
'Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.'

(As You Like It, i. 3.)

l. 404. *It recks me not*, I take no account of (from A.S. *recan*, to take care, to reckon).

l. 405. *To dog*, to follow like a dog.

'Death and danger dog the heels of worth.'

(All's Well that Ends Well, iii. 4.)

l. 408. *infer*, argue in favour of.

'That need must needs infer this principle.'

(King John, iii. 1.)

'Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.'

(Richard III, iii. 5.)

l. 413. Spenser makes Suspicion always look 'ascaunce' (Faery Queene, iii. 12. 15) or asquint. See Glossary to Book ii.

l. 421. *complete steel* is thus accented in Hamlet, i. 1.

l. 422. Thyer notices the resemblance of this description to Spenser's Belphebe.

l. 423. *to trace*, to track. See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. i.

Oberon would breed his changeling henchman to trace the forests wild. (Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1). Cp.

'Your tender lambs that by you trace.'

(Shepherd's Calendar, June.)

*unbarbour'd*, unsheltered.

l. 424. *Infamous*, ill spoken of. Horace applies the word to the Acrocerathnian promontory on the coast of Epirus, dangerous to ships. *Perilous* is dissyllabic; the form *parlous* is frequent in Shakespeare, e. g. Richard III, iii. 1, 'O 'tis a parlous boy!'

l. 430. *unblench't*, unblinded, unconfounded, according to Warton. But in Hamlet 'blench' apparently means 'blanch, turn pale,' and *unblench'd* is 'unblanched,' 'fearless.' Cp. Macbeth, iii. 4:

'Keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

While mine are blanch'd with fear.'

l. 434. 'Ghost unlaid forbear thee!' sings Guiderius over Imogen (Cymbeline, iv. 2). The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet 'begins at curfew and walks till the first cock.' (Lear, iii. 4.) In the Tempest, (v. 1) the

elves rejoice to hear 'the solemn curfew.' The old custom of ringing curfew at eight o'clock every night is still observed in some parts of England, as at Canterbury.

1. 439. The previous instances had been from mediæval légend.

1. 441. In one of Lucian's dialogues, Cupid expresses his fear of Minerva and the Gorgon on her breast, and adds that Diana was so swift in the chase that he could not overtake her.

1. 445. Cp. Oberon's speech (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2) beginning, 'My gentle Puck, come hither.'

1. 451. *dasht*, confounded, cast down.

'This hath a little dash'd your spirits.' (*Othello*, iii. 3.)

'To dash it like a Christmas comedy.'

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.)

1. 453. Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iii. 8. 29) speaks of Heaven's

'Voluntary grace,

And sovaine favour towards chastity.'

1. 455. *lackey*, accompany as a servant. The discourteous Knight (*Faery Queene*, vi. 2. 15) drives a lady on foot,

'Unfit to tread

And lackey by him, 'gainst all womanhead.'

1. 457. 'Visions are a clearer revelation of God than dreams' is the Rabbinical opinion quoted in Bacon's *Essay on Youth and Age*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xii. 611.

1. 459. *oft*, used as an adj. = frequent, as 'thine often infirmities' (1 *Tim.* v. 23).

1. 460. This opinion Plato expounded in a passage of the *Phædo*. Spenser, in his *Hymn of Beauty*, maintains that

'Of the soul the bodie form doth take;

For soul is form, and doth the body make.

1. 478. Cp. 'As sweet and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.'

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3.)

1. 483. *night-founder'd*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 204; whereon see note.

1. 495. *buddling*. Cp.

'Et properantes aquae per amoenos ambitus agros.'

(Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 17.)

Both Lawes and the elder Milton composed madrigals.

1. 508. *bow chance*, how happens it that—a frequent phrase in Shakespeare.

1. 509. *sadly*, seriously. 'The conference was sadly borne' (*Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 3); 'Sadly tell me who' (*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1). See Glossary to *Faery Queene*, Bk. i.

1. 515. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 19; *L'Allegro* 17; *Il Penseroso* 117.

l. 517. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 628. The Chimæra, a monster with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a dragon's tail, is placed by Virgil (with the Hydra, the Centaurs, &c.) at the gates of Hell. (*Æneid*, vi. 288.)

l. 518. *rifted*, riven, cleft. Cp.

‘Rifted Jove’s stout oak  
With his own bolt.’ (*Tempest*, v. 1.)

l. 520. *navel*, for centre. So Delphi was called the navel of the earth.

l. 526. Tasso’s enchanter murmurs at his spells. Cp. *Arcades* 60, note.

l. 530. *character’d*. Julia (Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7) speaks of the table.

‘Wherein all my thoughts,  
Are visibly character’d and engrav’d.’

The word is similarly accented in Polonius’ advice to Laertes (*Hamlet*, i. 3), but generally in Shakespeare has the modern pronunciation. Yet Wotton, writing at least ten years after Shakespeare’s death, speaks of *character* as ‘a word which hath gotten already some entertainment among us.’ (Quoted by Marsh.)

l. 531. *croft*, ‘a small home-close in a farm’ (Nares); ‘an enclosure adjoining a house;’ A.S. *croft* (Wedgwood). Keightley gives the meaning as a small enclosed field near a town or village, and adds that its use here is not strictly correct.

l. 534. *stab’d wolves*. Cp. ‘triste lupus stabulis.’ Virgil, *Eclogue* iii. 80.

l. 541. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 1. 23.

l. 542. *dew-besprent*, besprinkled with dew. ‘Besprent’ is Spenserian.

l. 547. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* i. 2; *Lycidas* 66.

l. 548. *close*, final cadence of a piece of music. Cp.

‘The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.’

(Richard II, ii. 1.)

l. 551. So Macbeth (ii. 2) stands ‘listening the fear’ of Duncan’s grooms.

l. 555. Cp. opening lines of *Twelfth Night*. Bacon (*Essay on Gardens*) had compared the scent of flowers in the air to the ‘warbling of music.’ The nightingale is called ‘solemn’ in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 648, and vii. 435.

l. 557. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 604.

l. 558. *took*. Cp. note on Vacation Exercise 20.

l. 560. Prospero, enjoining silence while the mystic masque proceeds, says, ‘No tongues; all eyes; be silent’ (*Tempest*, iv. 1.) Drummond, in his Sonnet to the Nightingale speaks of her

‘Sad lamenting strains that Night attends  
Become all ear.’

*still*, for ‘always’; frequent in Shakespeare, as in Florizel’s speech beginning



‘What you do

Still betters what is done.’ (Winter’s Tale, iv. 2.)

1. 561. An allusion is here supposed to an illustration of the old ed. of Quarles’ Emblems, the picture of an infant within the ribs of a skeleton, with the motto Rom. vii. 24.

1. 565. To *barrow* is to ‘subdue,’ as in the old miracle-play entitled the Harrowing of Hell. Horatio says of the Ghost (Hamlet, i. 1),

‘It harrows me with fear and wonder.’

For another interpretation see Glossary to Faery Queene, ii. *Harrow*.

1. 590. *entbrall’d*, enslaved; from *ibrall*, a slave (frequent in Spenser).

1. 603. *grisly*, horrible. See *Agrise* in Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii. *legions* is here trisyllabic.

1. 604. ‘All hell run out and sooty flags display’  
is a line in Phineas Fletcher’s *Locusts* (1627).

1. 607. *Purchase*, what is stolen (from Fr. *pourschasser*). The word is thus used in 1 Henry IV, ii. 1, but generally in the modern sense by Shakespeare. The former meaning is given in Henry V, iii. 2, ‘Steal anything and call it purchase.’ So Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 3. 16. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, x. 579.

1. 620. To *see to* is an old phrase = ‘to behold.’

1. 621. *virtuous*, of magic virtue. II *Penseroso* 113.

1. 635. Cade tells his followers to ‘spare none but such as go in clouted shoon’ (2 Henry VI, iv. 2); *clouted* = patched.

1. 637. In Browne’s Inner Temple Mask, Circe uses ‘moly’ for a charm. But Milton here follows Homer (*Odyssey*, x. 305) and Ovid (*Met.* xiv. 292) in representing it as the gift of Hermes to Ulysses, by which the latter escaped the charms of Circe.

1. 638. *hæmony*. This plant seems of Milton’s own creation. He probably derived its name from *Hæmonia*, Thessaly, the land of magic.

1. 640. Cp. ‘Like a mildew’d ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother.’ (Hamlet, iii. 4.)

1. 651. Thus Ulysses attacks Circe with a drawn sword, and Guyon breaks the goblet of Acrasia (Faery Queene, ii. 12. 57).

1. 655. Cp. *Æneid*, viii. 252.

1. 660. Cp. ‘monumental alabaster.’ (*Othello*, v. 2.) ‘Alabaster’ is the old (but incorrect) form, Faery Queene, ii. 9. 44. Cp. note on *Paradise Regained*, iv. 548.

1. 661. Mark the inverted construction here—‘Or root bound, turned to a laurel, as was Daphne, who fled from Apollo.’

1. 669. Cp. the line in Tennyson’s *Locksley Hall*,

‘In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.’

1. 675. Cp. *Odyssey*, iv. 221. *Nepenthes* was the care-dispelling drug that Helen (daughter of Jupiter by Leda) infused into the wine of her

husband Menelaus. It had been given her by Polydamna, wife of Thone. Its effects are commemorated by Spenser (Faery Queene, iv. 3. 43). With him it is the cup of eternal happiness reserved for the sober and sage, not (as in Homer) of mere indifference to suffering, even to that of the nearest and dearest to the drinker.

l. 679. Cp. Shakespeare, Sonnet i.

'Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self so cruel.'

l. 680. *dainty limbs*, a phrase frequent in Spenser. Cp. Shakespeare, Sonnet iv.

'Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.'

l. 700. *lickerish*, dainty. Fr. *lecher*, Germ. *lecken*, to lick. (Wedgwood.)

Cp. 'Ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind.'

(Timon of Athens, iv. 3.)

l. 702. 'The gift of a bad man profiteth not' is the sentiment of Medea in Euripides (Medea 618). Cp. Paradise Regained, ii. 391.

l. 707. Warton says that '*budge* means "fur" (a kind of miniver). The passage is tautological.' Wedgwood gives 'the dressed fur of lambs' as the meaning of the word. But Todd adduces instances from Ellwood's Life to shew that *budge* meant 'surly.' Landor remarks, 'It is the first time that Cynic or Stoic ever put on fur.'

l. 708. The *tub* of Diogenes the Cynic.

l. 719. *butch't*, shut in. The word is still used in 'rabbit-hutch,' and a ship's 'hatches.' Fr. *buche*, chest, bin. (Wedgwood.)

l. 729. *strangle* is used in Shakespeare to denote suffocation. When hanging is meant, 'with a cord,' or some similar phrase, is added. Desdemona is strangled; Juliet fears to be strangled (stifed) in the vault.

l. 737. *coy*, Fr. *coi*, Ital. *cbeto*, Sp. *quedo*, Lat. *quietus* (Wedgwood). Drayton uses it for 'rare,' 'curious'; Shakespeare for 'shy' (Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 1), or for 'reserved,' 'averse' (Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1; Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1). The latter is its meaning here. Elsewhere in Milton it means 'modest' (Lycidas 18; Paradise Lost, iv. 310).

l. 743. Cp. Theseus' speech to Hermia (A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1) and Herrick's

'Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,'

as far as the general statement, and harmless part of the argument. The temptation lurking beneath is more amply, and more beautifully set forth in the song of Acrasia's bower (Faery Queene, ii. 12. 74). See note on Paradise Lost, i. 178.

l. 750. *grain*, here for 'colour.' See note on Il Penseroso 33. In a sonnet, Drummond speaks of

'Cheekes with Tyrian grain enrolled.'

l. 753. 'Love-darting eyn' is a phrase of Sylvester's. Spenser (Hymn to Beauty) speaks of the 'little fierie lances' darted from the eyes of Beauty. 'Fair-tressed' is the Homeric epithet for the Dawn (Odyssey, v. 390).

l. 756. Cp. Tennyson:

'She lock'd her lips, she left me where I stood.'

(Dream of Fair Women.)

l. 759. *prank't*, for 'decked.' Perdita (Winter's Tale, iv. 3) complains that she is 'goddess-like prank't up.' See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. i. Cp. Paradise Lost, ii. 226.

l. 760. To *bolt* is to separate flour from bran, and is metaphorically applied to discussion. Menenius says of Coriolanus (iii. 1) that he is

'Ill school'd

In boulded language; meal and bran together

He throws without distinction.'

In North's Lives, i. 50, there is an account of those meetings for private discussion of law cases, called 'mootings' and 'boultings.' See Glossary to Faery Queene, ii. *Boult*.

l. 767. Cp. Il Penseroso 46.

l. 768. Cp. Lear, iv. 1, Gloster's last speech but one.

l. 785. Milton expounds his sense of the 'high mysteries' of Chastity in his Apology for Smectymnuus.

l. 791. *fence*, art of defence. Cp. 'St. George . . . teach us some fence!' (King John, ii. 1.)

l. 797. Horace's 'bruta Tellus' is here translated (Odes, i. 34. 9).

l. 804. By Saturn is here meant Cronos, and by his crew, the Titans, whom Zeus subdued and imprisoned below Tartarus.

l. 816. Thus in Ovid (Met. xiv. 305) the companions of Ulysses are restored to their human shape by Circe, with a stroke of her 'rod revers't' and spells said backwards.

l. 823. *sootibest*, truest. 'Sooth' is used by Shakespeare both as noun and adjective.

l. 824. Sabrina's legend had been told by the poets Sackville, Drayton, and Spenser (Faery Queene, ii. 10. 19). Milton afterwards gave a prose version of it in his History of England.

There is not only a general resemblance between this part of Comus and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, but some epithets and lighter touches are common to both poems.

l. 838. *asphodel*, a plant which grew in Elysium, in the meadow haunted by the ghosts of heroes (Odyssey, xi. 539).

l. 839. Cp. 'In the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment.' (Hamlet, i. 5.)

l. 868 et sqq. The epithets of *Oceanus* and *Neptune* are those assigned to them by Hesiod and Homer. *Tetys* is the wife of *Oceanus*, and the mother of the gods. *Nereus* is called 'aged' at l. 835. (Virgil's epithet is 'grandaevus.') *Proteus* had a cave at *Carpathus*, an island of the Mediterranean. He was a prophet, and *Neptune's* shepherd, therefore bearing a *book* or crook (*Georgics*, iv. 395). *Triton* is described by Pliny as scaly, and his horn is mentioned in Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, i. 333). Wordsworth would 'hear old *Triton* blow his wreathed horn.' Aristotle writes that *Glaucus*, the sea-deity, prophesied to the Gods. Ino, flying from the rage of her husband *Athamas*, threw herself (with her son *Melicerta* in her arms) into the sea. *Neptune*, at the prayer of *Venus*, made them sea-deities, giving her the name of *Leucothea* (the white goddess), and him that of *Palaemon*. He was called by the Romans, *Portunus*, the ruler of the ports. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 541; *Fasti*, vi. 545.)

l. 877. *tinsel-slipper'd*, one of the Miltonic epithets that Trench calls 'poems in miniature.' *Tinsel* is derived from Fr. *étincelle* (Lat. *scintilla*), and brings before us 'the quick glitter and sparkle of the waves in the light of the sun or moon.' So Herrick writes of 'moonlight tinselling the streams.' The Homeric epithet for *Thetis* is 'silver-footed.' Keightley thinks that *tinsel* was 'a silver texture less stout and dense than cloth of silver.'

l. 879. *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were Sirens. *Ligea* is the name of a sea-nymph in Virgil (*Georgics*, iv. 336). *Parthenope* was buried at Naples, which is called by her name in Virgil and Ovid. In his lines to *Leonora*, Milton asks Naples why it boasts the tomb of the dead Siren, when she is living and singing at Rome.

l. 880. The comb belongs to the mermaids of Northern, not to the Sirens of Greek mythology. (Keightley.)

l. 893. *azurn* is perhaps from Ital. *azzurino*, as *cedarn* (l. 990) from *cedrino*. This conjecture seems probable as the words are only found in Milton. But the old Engl. adjectival termination was *n* as in *golden*, *leathern*.

l. 897. Cp. 'Ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune.' (*Tempest*, v. 1.)

l. 898. Under *Venus*, in Shakespeare's poem,  
'The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.'

l. 915. Cp. 'Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious.'  
(*Twelfth Night*, i. 4.)

l. 939. So the Palmer exhorts Guyon quickly to depart from the bower of *Acrasia*. Faery Queene, ii. 12. 87.

l. 960. Awkward courtesy is implied by 'duck and nod,' and more graceful movements by 'mincing.'

l. 972. *assay*, trial. See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bks. i and ii.

l. 982. Milton at first made them the daughters of Atlas, as Spenser does (Faery Queene, ii. 7. 54). Cp. notes thereon. Apollonius Rhodius (an author read with his scholars by Milton) celebrates their skill in singing. Ovid (Metamorphoses, iv. 637) is the only writer who says that the *trees* in the garden of the Hesperides were of gold.

l. 984. *crisped*, 'rippled' by the wind. Cp. 'the crisped yew' (Herrick), 'crisp channels' (Tempest, iv. 1). See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii.

l. 993. *blow* is here used actively = make the flowers blow. Jonson has this use of it in his Mask of Highgate.

l. 995. *purfl'd*, fringed, embroidered (Fr. *pourfiler*, to work on the edge). Cp. 'his sleeves purfled atte honde' (Canterbury Tales 193). Cp. Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii.

l. 1002. Venus was worshipped by the Assyrians under the names of Astarte and Ashtoreth.

l. 1003. See note on Fair Infant 48.

l. 1010. Cp. Faery Queene, iii. 6. 48-50, wherein Spenser treats the legend of Cupid and Psyche. Pleasure is their child. In the Apology for Smectymnuus, Milton speaks of that 'Love which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy; (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating poison, which a certain sorcerer, the abuser of Love's name, carries about; and how the first and chiefest office of Love begins and ends in the Soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue.' We may observe that Milton, eight years after Comus, changed the names of the twins in l. 1011.

l. 1017. *corner*, horn (Lat. *cornu*). Cp.

'Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound.'

(Macbeth, iii. 5.)

l. 1021. *sphery chime*, the music of the spheres. Herrick thus invokes Music,

'Fall down from those thy chiming spheres  
To charm our souls.'



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**THE present edition of 'Lycidas' is taken from 'The English Poems of John Milton,' edited by R. C. Browne, M.A., for the Clarendon Press.**

## LYCIDAS.

*In this MONODY the Author bewails a learned friend,<sup>1</sup> unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height.*

YET once more,<sup>2</sup> O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,<sup>3</sup>  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5  
Bitter constraint,<sup>4</sup> and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas,<sup>5</sup> and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? <sup>6</sup> he knew 10  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.<sup>7</sup>  
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.<sup>8</sup>  
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,<sup>9</sup> 15  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse <sup>10</sup>  
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn; 20  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.<sup>11</sup>  
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,<sup>12</sup>  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd <sup>13</sup> 25

Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,<sup>14</sup>  
 We drove afield; and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,<sup>15</sup>  
 Batt'ning<sup>16</sup> our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning,<sup>17</sup> bright, 30  
 Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute;<sup>18</sup>  
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35  
 And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,<sup>19</sup>  
 With wild thyme and the gadding<sup>20</sup> vine o'ergrown, 40  
 And all their echoes mourn.<sup>21</sup>  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:  
 As killing as the canker<sup>22</sup> to the rose, 45  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,<sup>23</sup>  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,<sup>24</sup>  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie,<sup>25</sup>  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:<sup>26</sup> 55  
 Ay me, I fondly dream!  
 Had ye been there....for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,<sup>27</sup>  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son  
 Whom universal Nature did lament; 60  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,<sup>28</sup>  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?



Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65  
 And strictly meditate<sup>29</sup> the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear<sup>30</sup> spirit doth raise 70  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind),<sup>31</sup>  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;<sup>32</sup>  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury<sup>33</sup> with th' abhorred shears, 75  
 And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'  
 Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;<sup>34</sup>  
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies; 80  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,<sup>35</sup>  
 And perfer witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.'  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius,<sup>36</sup> crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;<sup>37</sup> 90  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,<sup>38</sup>  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;<sup>39</sup>  
 They knew not of his story, 95  
 And sage Hippotades<sup>40</sup> their answer brings;  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.<sup>41</sup>  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100  
 Built in th' eclipse,<sup>42</sup> and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,<sup>43</sup>  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim,<sup>44</sup> and on the edge<sup>45</sup> 105  
 Like to that sanguine flower<sup>46</sup> inscrib'd with woe.  
 'Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?'<sup>47</sup>  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain, 110  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)<sup>48</sup>  
 He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake:  
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Anow of such as for their bellies' sake,<sup>49</sup>  
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheephook, or have learn'd aught else the least 120  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;<sup>50</sup>  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs<sup>51</sup>  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;<sup>52</sup>  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw<sup>53</sup>  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed;  
 But that two-handed engine at the door<sup>54</sup> 130  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus,<sup>55</sup> the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use<sup>56</sup>  
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,<sup>57</sup>  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs, 140

And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.<sup>58</sup>  
 Bring the rathe<sup>59</sup> primrose that forsaken dies,<sup>60</sup>  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,<sup>61</sup>  
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,  
 The glowing violet, 145  
 The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine;  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:<sup>62</sup>  
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, 155  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide<sup>63</sup>  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;<sup>64</sup>  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deni'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,<sup>65</sup> 160  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount<sup>66</sup>  
 Looks toward Namancos, and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward Angel<sup>67</sup> now, and melt with ruth:  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.<sup>68</sup>  
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;<sup>69</sup> 165  
 For Lycidas your sorrow<sup>70</sup> is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed;  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;  
 Where other groves and other<sup>71</sup> streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,<sup>72</sup> 175  
 And hears the unexpressive<sup>73</sup> nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemm troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.<sup>74</sup>  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,<sup>75</sup>  
In thy large recompense; and shalt be good<sup>76</sup>  
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth<sup>77</sup> swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,<sup>78</sup>  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:<sup>79</sup>  
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190  
And now was dropt into the western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:<sup>80</sup>  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.<sup>81</sup>

## NOTES.

The title was added in ed. 1645.

<sup>1</sup> **a learned friend.** Edward King was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland to Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. He was admitted to Christ's College, June 9, 1626, under Chappell, Milton's tutor. By a royal mandate of June 10, 1630, he was made Fellow. 'It was rather hard for Milton, now in his twenty-third year, to see a youth of eighteen seated above him at the Fellows' table.' On August 10, 1637, King was drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Those who escaped the wreck told the story of his end, how he knelt in prayer on the sinking deck, and so went down. A volume of verses was dedicated to the memory of King by his Cambridge friends: Milton's contribution, written in November 1637, was *Lycidas*, signed with his initials only. The verses were published in 1638.

<sup>2</sup> **Yet once more.** Milton had been compelled to forego the resolution to wait till time should ripen his powers and enable him to enter on that great poetic work which he thought himself destined to achieve, 'though of highest hope and hardest attempting.' Such appears to be the bearing of this opening passage, though some critics have supposed that it refers to his earlier elegies, or is merely a formula (as with Spenser in the beginning of the *Faery Queene*) in imitation of Virgil's '*Ille ego qui quondam*,' &c. Allusion has been supposed to be made to King's poetry, beauty, and learning, by the laurel, myrtle, and ivy, the two former being dedicated to Apollo and Venus, and the third being the 'reward of learned brows.' (Horace, *Odes*, i. 1. 29.)

<sup>3</sup> Lander remarks: 'Warton is less judicious than usual in censuring the "mellowing year" as affecting the leaves of the "ivy never-sere."' The ivy sheds its leaves in the proper season, though not all of them, and several hang on the stem longer than a year.' **Sere** = dry. (*Macbeth*, v. 3.)

<sup>4</sup> **constraint**, compulsion. 'Love's own sweet constraint.' (All's Well that Ends Well, iv. 2.)

<sup>5</sup> The repetition resembles that in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, iii. 6. 45, and in his *Astrophel* (Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney):

'Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds' praise,  
Young Astrophel, the rustic lasses' love.'

<sup>6</sup> Like Virgil's '*neget quis carmina Gallo?*' (*Eclogue* x. 3.)

<sup>7</sup> Horace has '*seu condis amabile carmen.*' (*Epist.* i. 3. 24.) Spenser, in the close of his *Epithalamion*, speaks of it as 'an endless monument,' as Ovid had said of his *Metamorphoses*. Cp. *δοιδαὶ ἐπιθρηνησέ*, Euripides, *Supplices* 998.

<sup>8</sup> Cp. Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester 55:

'Here be tears of perfect moan.'

<sup>9</sup> In Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, those divinities are addressed as they sit

'Beside the silver springs of Helicon.'

But here the allusion is to Pieria, the spring near Mount Olympus.

<sup>10</sup> **Muse**; here used for the poet inspired by her.

<sup>11</sup> As **shroud** is Milton's word for 'recess,' 'hiding-place' (*Comus* 147; cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 1. 6), it is thought to be here equivalent to 'grave.' The passage may owe something to Horace, *Odes*, i. 28.

<sup>12</sup> 'The hill is, of course, Cambridge; the joint feeding of the flocks is companionship in study; the rural ditties on the oaten flute are academic iambics and elegiacs; and old Damocetas is either Chappell, whom Milton has long forgiven [the rustication affair; see *Life of Milton*, vol. i. p. ix. Clarendon Press edition], or some more kindly fellow of Christ's.' (Masson.)

<sup>13</sup> **lawn**, open space between woods. So Scotch *loan*, *loaning*, an opening between fields left uncultivated for the sake of driving the cattle homewards. Welsh *llan*, a clear space. (Wedgwood.)

<sup>14</sup> 'The eyelids of the morning' is the marginal reading of *Job* iii. 9. Henry More and Sylvester used the same phrase, which occurs also in Sophocles (*Antigone* 103). Cp. *Comus* 977,

'happy climes that lie,

Where day never shuts his eye';

Sonnet ii. 5 (the Nightingale),

'Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day';

Il Penseroso 141,

'Hide me from day's garish eye.'

<sup>15</sup> The gray-fly is also called the trumpet-fly, and its 'sultry horn' is its hum heard in the noon-tide heat.

<sup>16</sup> **batten**, feed or fatten. (Hamlet, iii. 4.) It is used as late as Pope's time. Wedgwood connects the word with *better*. Dutch *bat*, *bet*, better, more; Icel. *batna*, to get better, to be convalescent.

<sup>17</sup> **the star**; any star that did so. 'The evening star appears, not rises, and it is never anywhere but *on* Heaven's descent. (Keightley.) Milton's MS. has, as his first draft,

'Oft till the even-star bright.'

<sup>18</sup> **Temper'd**, modulated, as in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 598. The **oaten flute** is the 'tenuis avena' of Virgil, and the phrase is often used by Spenser. So in Shakespeare,

'When shepherds pipe on oaten straws.'

(Song at end of *Love's Labour's Lost*.)

<sup>19</sup> Resembling the opening lines of Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. Cp. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 44, &c.

<sup>20</sup> **gadding**, straying, 'erratic,' as Cicero calls it in *De Senectute*. 'Curl me about, ye gadding vines' is a line in Marvell's *Appleton House*. See Glossary to Spenser, Bk. ii. *Yeed*.

<sup>21</sup> 'And all the woods shall answer and their echoes ring.'

(Spenser, *Epithalamion*, the burden line.)

<sup>22</sup> **canker**; for 'cankerworm,' as in 1 *Henry VI*, ii. 4,

'Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?'

<sup>23</sup> A small red spider called 'taint' is 'by the country people accounted a deadly poison to cows and horses.' (Sir Thomas Browne, quoted by Warton.)

<sup>24</sup> 'The **steep** is perhaps Penmaenmawr, overhanging the sea opposite Anglesea.' (Keightley.)

<sup>25</sup> Keightley remarks that Milton here imitates Theocritus (i. 66) much more felicitously than Virgil had done (*Eclogue* x. 9), for the places named are all near that where King was lost. Drayton (*Polyolbion* ix.) personifies Mona as boasting of the ancient worship of the Druids there celebrated, and commemorating their doctrines of the immortality and transmigration of the soul.

<sup>26</sup> Cp. Vacation Exercise 98:

'Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee.'

<sup>27</sup> Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 37:

'Nor could the Muse defend

Her son.'

the **Muse herself**, Calliope.

'What could the golden-haired Calliope?' (Milton's MS.)

<sup>28</sup> **rout**. From the noise made by a crowd of people (O. Fr. *route*, Germ. *rolle*, Eng. *rout*) the word came to signify a crowd, troop, gang of people. (Wedgwood.)

<sup>29</sup> **Meditate**, practise, as 'meditamus' in Virgil (Eclogue i. 2). Cp. Comus 547,

'To meditate my rural minstrelsy.'

<sup>30</sup> **clear**, here = 'illustrious,' 'noble' (*clarus*), as Arragon says, 'clear honour' (Merchant of Venice, ii. 9). Spenser (Tears of the Muses) has

'Due praise, that is the spur of doing well.'

<sup>31</sup> This line has been traced to Tacitus (Hist. iv. 5), 'etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur.'

<sup>32</sup> 'Not to wait for glory when one has done well, *that* is above all glory.' (Milton, Academical Exercise, vii.)

<sup>33</sup> Milton, enraged against Atropos, calls her a Fury. So in Tennyson's In Memoriam xlix. the poet, in despairing mood, sees 'Life, a Fury slinging flame.'

<sup>34</sup> Cp. Virgil, Eclogue vi. 3.

<sup>35</sup> Cp. Comus 213,

'O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope';

Paradise Regained, iii. 60-64,

'This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises.'

See Habak. i. 13.

<sup>36</sup> Arethusa and Mincius are here named in allusion to Theocritus, the Sicilian poet, and to Virgil, born near the Mincius.

<sup>37</sup> In **Neptune's plea**. Keightley explains this 'deputed by Neptune to hold a judicial inquiry. We have the Pleas of the Crown and the Court of Common Pleas.' *Plea* comes from *placita* (placere), the judgments delivered at the *pleasure* of the court.

<sup>38</sup> **felon** (Fr. *felon*, Ital. *fello*) is perhaps akin to A.S. *fell*, 'fell,' in the sense of cruel. Chaucer thus uses it in the Romaunt of the Rose,

'For daunger that is so felloun  
Felly purposeth thee to werreye.'

Wedgwood inclines to the derivation from Welsh (*gwall*, defect; *fall*, bad, wicked; *falloni*, perfidy). The origin of the word is disputed.



<sup>39</sup> Marvell has

'Theirs are not ships but rather arks of war  
And beaked promontories sailed from far.'

<sup>40</sup> *Hippotades*; Eolus, son of *Hippotes*. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiv. 229.)

<sup>41</sup> Panope's sisters are the Nereids, among whom Panope is named by Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 49).

<sup>42</sup> Among the ingredients of the witches' caldron, Macbeth, iv. 1, are

'Slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.'

<sup>43</sup> See *Faery Queene*, i. 3. 10:

'A damsel spyde slow-footing her before.'

<sup>44</sup> *figures dim*; alluding to the fabulous traditions of the high antiquity of Cambridge.

<sup>45</sup> A commentator remarks, 'On sedge leaves when dried, or even when beginning to wither, there are not only certain indistinct or dusky streaks, but also a variety of dotted marks on the edge "scrawled over" (as Milton first wrote) which withers before the rest of the flag.'

<sup>46</sup> *That sanguine flower* is the hyacinth.

<sup>47</sup> *pledge*, child; as *pignus* is used in Latin. Cp. *Solemn Music* 1,  
'Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy.'

<sup>48</sup> *amain*, with force; from A.S. *mægen*, strength. (Skeat.)

<sup>49</sup> Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 193,

'So since into his church lewd hirelings climb';

and Sonnet xiii. 13, 14,

'Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.'

See John x. 1.

<sup>50</sup> *are sped*, are provided for. So says Mercutio, sardonically, when he has received his death wound, 'I am sped' (*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1), and Petruchio in mockery (*Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2),

'We three are married, but you two are sped.'

<sup>51</sup> *flashy*. Bacon says of distilled books that they are mostly 'like common distilled waters, flashy things.'

<sup>52</sup> Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* iii. 27. *Scorannell* is thin, meagre; used here contemptuously for Virgil's 'tenuis avena.' No other instance has been produced of it. The line, in its harshness, imitates the shrill discordant notes of the false shepherds.

<sup>53</sup> Milton has here copied the sentiments of Piers in Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar (May), which he has quoted in the Animadversions on the Remonstrants' defence against Smectymnuus (1641). The wolf may allude to the legendary origin of Rome.

<sup>54</sup> A double reference has been supposed to the axe of the Gospel (Matt. iii. 10, and Luke iii. 9) and to the axe of the headsman. But perhaps Laud's execution gave this after-significance. Another interpretation is that the engine is the sword of Michael (Paradise Lost, vi. 251) which is to smite off the head of Satan. Mr. Masson is inclined to see in this passage a reference to the coming Parliament, the two Houses that must deliver England from the episcopal tyranny.

<sup>55</sup> **Alpheus**, a river in Arcadia. It runs underground for some distance; whence arose the legend that the nymph Arethusa was pursued by Alpheus, and was changed by Artemis into the fountain bearing her name in the island of Ortygia at Syracuse, and that he still attempted to mingle his stream with hers, so that they flowed through the sea, and rose together in Sicily.

<sup>56</sup> **use**, here=frequent, inhabit. 'Where never foot did use.' (Faery Queene, vi. Intro. 2.)

<sup>57</sup> **swart star**: either from its heat causing plants to become swart, or black, or in the meaning of black, injurious, like 'sol niger' (Horace, Satires, i. 9. 73). **Sparely**=rarely. (Keightley.)

<sup>58</sup> Some of the flowers named belong to the summer or autumn. (Keightley.)

<sup>59</sup> **rathe**, the old word for 'early,' whence *rather*, earlier, sooner.

<sup>60</sup> **forsaken**, here='unwedded,' which was the word Milton first wrote. (Winter's Tale, iv. 3.)

<sup>61</sup> The passage is imitated from Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar (April). Keightley remarks, 'the crow-foot grows singly; but, as it divides into several parts, Milton was justified in his epithet.'

<sup>62</sup> 'In Milton it happens, I think, generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay.

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, (Imagination),  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, (Nugatory),  
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet, (Fancy),  
The glowing violet, (Imagination),  
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine, (Fancy, vulgar),  
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head, (Imagination),  
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:" (Mixed).

In Perdita's lines (Winter's Tale, iv. 3) the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidity, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering; and never stops on their spots or their bodily shapes, while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that without this paper-staining would have been the most precious to us of all. "There is pansies, that's for thoughts." (Ruskin, *Mod. Painters*. Part iii. 2. 3.)

<sup>63</sup> Milton first wrote 'humming tide.' Cp. Shakespeare, *Pericles*, iii. 1,

'And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse.'

<sup>64</sup> **monstrous world**, world of monsters. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, i. 3. 18; *Æneid*, vi. 729.

<sup>65</sup> **Bellerus**; coined by Milton from 'Bellerium.' He had previously written 'Corineus,' a Trojan, said to have come into Britain with Brute and to have been made lord of Cornwall. In the *History of England* Milton recites a 'grand fable' concerning his wrestling-match with a giant, whom he overcame and hurled into the sea.

<sup>66</sup> The vision here is that of the archangel Michael, who is related to have appeared on the Mount, subsequently named after him, seated on a crag, looking seaward. A monastery was founded on the spot, and the so-called 'chair' is a fragment of the lantern of that building. To scramble round the pinnacle on which it is placed is a dangerous exploit, and is traditionally rewarded with marital supremacy. Milton supposes the Archangel still seated (as in the vision) looking to Namancos near Cape Finisterre, marked in Mercator's Atlas of 1623 and 1636 in the map of Galicia, where the Castle of Bayona is also conspicuous.

<sup>67</sup> The Angel here is the 'great vision' of the previous verse. Some have supposed that Lycidas himself is addressed as 'angel now,' but this interpretation ignores the evident contrast of the usual looking to 'Namancos hold,' with the 'homeward' glance at the body of the 'hapless youth.'

<sup>68</sup> **dolphins**. The allusion is to Arion and to the dolphins  
'which him bore

Through the *Ægæan* seas from pirates' view.'

(*Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 23.)

<sup>69</sup> This transition is imitated from the *Shepherd's Calendar* (November). Keightley thus accentuates—

'Weep n6 more, woful shepherds, weep no m6re.'

as also the

‘Sigh nó more, ladies, sigh no móre,’

of Shakespeare, and supports his view by quoting from classic and from English, German, and Italian writers, instances of repeated phrase with varied accent.

<sup>70</sup> **your sorrow**, i. e. the object of it, like ‘my love.’

<sup>71</sup> **other**, than those of earth. So ‘another country,’ *Comus* 633.

<sup>72</sup> Cp. *Comus* 838:

‘In nectar’d lavers strew’d with asphodel.’

<sup>73</sup> **unexpressive** = inexpressible, as in *Nativity Ode*, 115, 116:

‘Harping in loud and solemn choir,

With unexpressive notes to Heav’n’s new-born Heir.’

Cp. *As You Like It*, iii. 2,

‘The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.’

<sup>74</sup> *Isaiah* xxv. 8; *Rev.* vii. 17.

<sup>75</sup> In the first eclogue of Sannazarius occurs a passage in which a drowned friend is adjured, whether inhabiting the air or the Elysian fields, to look on the affliction of the survivors. It concludes thus:

‘numen aquarum

Semper eris, semper laetum piscantibus omen.’

<sup>76</sup> Cp. *Virgil*, *Eclogue* v. 64.

<sup>77</sup> **uncouth**, unknown; as in the proverb ‘uncouth, unkist,’ cited in the Preface to the *Shepherd’s Calendar*. Milton thus speaks in implied contrast with the future fame of which he justly felt assured.

<sup>78</sup> The **stop** is the hole of a flute or pipe. The word is thus used twice in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. **Quill** (Lat. *calamus*) is a Spenserian word (*Shepherd’s Calendar*, June, 67) for the shepherd’s pipe.

<sup>79</sup> **Doric lay**. Theocritus and Moschus respectively wrote a bucolic on the deaths of Daphnis and Bion. Both poets were natives of Syracuse, a Dorian colony.

<sup>80</sup> ‘Twas Presbyterian true blue.’ (*Hudibras*.)

<sup>81</sup> ‘To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new.’

(*Fletcher’s Purple Island*, vi. stanza 77.)







